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# THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER.

## PEN, PENCIL AND PRINT.

BY RED. REMSEN.



CONDENSATION is the order of the day, but condensation seems to have reached its limit in "A Short History of Architecture," by Arthur Lyman Tuckerman, which comes to me from Charles Scribner's Sons. Within the compass of 168 large-type pages is compressed the best sketch on the subject in the English language. And in saying this I do not forget the well known article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The illustrations are well drawn and really illustrate (not merely adorn) the text. Readers of Mr. F. S. Bryce's article on "The Romanesque in Decoration," in the October issue of this journal, will probably be disappointed at the minor importance attached to the style by Mr. Tuckerman, but the lovers of pure Gothic are growing less and less among Americans day by day. I notice one error, which is one, however, committed almost daily even by well informed writers, which consists in calling St. Peter's a cathedral. St. John Lateran is the cathedral at Rome.

I CAN hardly say too much in praise either of the literary or artistic features of the October *Cosmopolitan*. Mr. Gilbert Gaul is an acquisition to the staff and Mr. Edwards is certainly an acquisition to Mr. Gaul, as his sketches illustrating the article on the "Millionaires of Nob Hill" are among the best things that have ever appeared in the magazine. The number is full of good reading and illustrations.

WHILE I have little sympathy with the "Make me a boy again" business, and am satisfied that a child's troubles, light as they will seem to him looking back after forty years, are as serious at the time as the disasters of his manhood, I confess I do now and then envy the modern boy when I get hold of one of the books written for his benefit. When I think of those two little prigs, Sandford and Merton, the Rollo stories, Peter Parley and the other stuff I used to read, the only pleasurable feeling I have lies in the fact that they never brought a blush to my cheek. The boys they told of were all models of propriety and of putty.

The American success of "Tom Brown at Rugby" was always a wonder to me. Its tone was vigorous, animal, manly it is true, but with its fag system, its illy concealed recognition of artificial social distinctions, that it should have had so great a recognition in Democratic America, has been a source of surprise to me.

Because it seemed so utterly foreign to our atmosphere.

But the American boy at last has a story in every way equal to Mr. Hughes' clever book. If this be treason let the Anglomaniacs make the best of it. Robert Grant has written and Jordan, Marsh & Co. have published "Jack Hall, or the School Days of an American Boy." Jack and his companions are not always good boys. They fight the "Muckers," chaff passers by, and even smash gas lamps with snow balls. When they get to the Utopia school they are sometimes lazy, sometimes worse, but they are, take them all in all, a manly lot of little Democrats. There is something unduly exciting even to very large boys in the great "triple play" of Haseltine in the base ball match and the heroic figure of the great American pitcher in the game with the professionals is true to the life. Without sermonizing Mr. Grant manages to teach a lesson on every page, and his book will do its part toward making good, well balanced men out of the boys who read it.

SIX years after the first appearance of "Geraldine" Messrs. Ticknor & Co. now issue a handsomely illustrated edition of the very clever love story told in verse. On its first appearance the burden of much criticism was that it was an imitation or at least an echo of "Lucille." The fact that it was written before Owen Meredith's poem appeared, of course disarms all this, although no proof of this statement is necessary, since Geraldine bears no resemblance to Lucille, and is in every way the better and more vigorous work. In fact, beyond the famous panygeric on cooks in the latter there is little that any one would care to imitate.

That the illustrations have been drawn and engraved under the supervision of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony is a sufficient guarantee for their excellence.

The second number of the *Curio* is even better than the first. Among noticeable articles is the first of a series on Japanese Ceramics by H. Shugio, than whom there could hardly be a more competent authority. Alfred Trumble makes a very readable feature of the art and literary matter. In an article entitled "Well Recommended" he gives the following curious explanation of the reason why ignorant Americans rush madly for foreign pictures.

I once had an artist offer an ingenious, and possibly not untrue explanation, of this condition of affairs. He argued that since Congress had raised the duty on foreign art, the respect of the inartistic American for foreign art had grown in proportion to the importance attached to it by the desire to prevent its entering into competition with the native article. This he held, would incline the average citizen to extend his favor to any stranger coming among us, in the belief that he must be a better painter than we could produce, because we made a law to keep his works out. I believe that Boston is responsible for the introduction of this form or very small hero worship. At all events I have noticed that it is in Boston that these amazing artistic treasures are commonly unearthed.

The article on American book plates and their engravers, and the book of American Pedigrees are continued, and a series on old sign boards is begun.

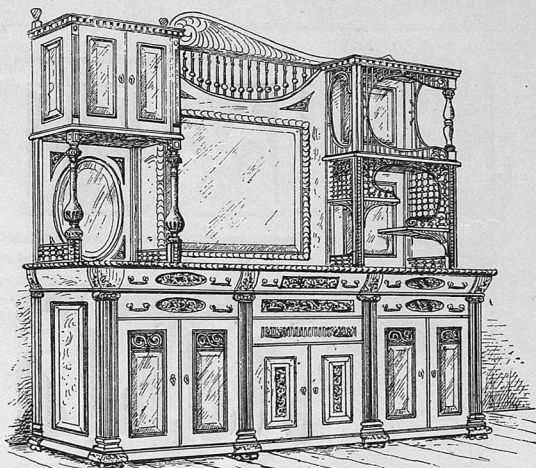
With the beginning of a new volume the American Magazine comes out with a new and tasteful cover and with an increased number of pages. The October issue is a long advance on any that have preceded it. It is profusely illustrated and the contents are varied and excellent throughout.

For all-around readableness the *Epoch* is the best weekly New York has ever had. It is bright, vigorous and interesting.

With the November number the *Century* begins its thirty-fifth volume. There is a generous and hearty tribute to Dr. Holland from the present editor, who attributes much of the *Century*'s success to the policy adopted by him. While I admire the kindness which prompts the praise I cannot help feeling that the magazine long ago outgrew Dr. Holland's capabilities. Were he alive to-day he would be the first to say that the *Century* of 1887 far surpassed anything of which he had ever dreamed.

One of the best because one of the most comprehensive of the small art manuals published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. is "Elementary Flower Painting." Eight color plates are given together with outlines in black and white of each with full and simple directions for treatment. It is one of the best manuals on the subject I have yet seen.

The feature of the November Magazine of Art is an appreciative sketch of Emile Wauters and his work. Beside some large engravings of his prominent pictures there is a fine etching by L. Monjier of "The madness of Hugo Van der Goes."



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